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MURDER IS THE FIT WORD to describe the action of the United States marines in Nicaragua. The United States created the anarchy which it is now attempting to suppress. When the Liberals had substantially reconquered the country American marines retook it for the Conservatives, and today they are doing police work for a government which would collapse in sixty seconds if the American forces retired. When President Coolidge's personal envoy, Henry L. Stimson, threatened forcibly to disarm the Liberal troops in May, one Nicaraguan general, Sandino, retired to the hills and kept up the fight. Undoubtedly he has maintained himself by preying on the country; undoubtedly, too, he has the sympathy of the vast majority of his countrymen. And a general who, at the head of 500 barefoot Nicaraguans, defies the United States commands our respect. General Sandino even attacked an outpost of United States marines at Otocal. Heavily outnumbered, but better armed and trained, the marines put up a brilliant resistance. They might, however, have lost but for the arrival of five American bombing planes which swept Sandino's ranks with machine guns—4,000 rounds—and dropped twenty-seven bombs. They left 300 dead Nicaraguans (some, apparently, civilians) for the vultures to feed on, and no one knows how many wounded. The Americans lost one killed and two seriously wounded. And when William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, protested to Secretary Kellogg, that official replied that Sandino's men were "outlaws." What law excuses the use of American marines on Nicaraguan battlefields or of American bombing planes for mass murder?

UNDERNEATH THE SMOOTH SURFACE of life in Europe as the tourist sees it simmers a black cauldron of class bitterness and hate. It boiled over in Vienna in that bloody July week when the workmen of Vienna set out to protest against the acquittal of fascist gunmen and met a murderous police force. The fascists were guilty enough; they had killed workmen marching in a previous parade; but because they were safely anti-radical a reactionary court set them free. Such political acquittals are not uncommon in Europe; and they are fit matter for protest. But Vienna, while it has a Socialist municipal administration, has a police force subject to the Clerical federal government, and the workmen of Vienna had old grudges against that police force before this new outbreak. The police fired into the crowd; the crowd attacked the police—there were gruesome acts on both sides of the barricades—and for two days Vienna was in the throes of a spontaneous revolution which no one, apparently, had planned and no one led. The Palace of Justice was burned, and its papers thrown into the wet streets; police posts were sacked; eighty men met death and hundreds of wounded flooded the Viennese hospitals. For three days the capitals of Europe trembled at successive rumors of new insurrections and of threatened interventions; then the bubble of revolution broke, and the Clerical Government called on the Socialists to help clean up the mess. A few tourists, however, had seen Europe more honestly than Cook's tours ever planned.

IT IS HARD for the public to follow the labyrinth of technicalities that grow up in the courts about some of our most important legal controversies. This is especially true of the oil scandals of the Harding regime, in regard to which most of the legal questions are still in abeyance long after people have all but forgotten the original circumstances. Hence the New York *World* is performing a public service in its careful reporting of each new development and its frequent summaries of the status of proceedings. Of the two civil suits the one against E. L. Doheny for the recovery of Elk Hills has been won finally by the Government through a decision of the Supreme Court. The same court is now considering the Government's claim for the Teapot Dome tract held by Harry F. Sinclair. Fall and Doheny were acquitted last December when tried for criminally conspiring to defraud the Government, but they are still to be tried for bribery, a charge on which it should be easier to convict. Demurrers to the indictments have just been overruled in this case, but it is not expected that it will come to trial before next year. There also remains for trial the bribery charge against Fall and Sinclair, and final adjudication of the latter's jail sentence for contempt in refusing to answer questions put by the Senate's investigating committee. Justice is slow—we wish we could add that it is sure.

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DESTITUTION, MISERY, DESOLATION, ruin. This is the picture that L. C. Speers sends back to the New York *Times* from the water-logged land of the Mississippi. In one zone, he reports, 200,000 people face actual starvation. This, he says, is the opinion "of every man who can speak with authority." They have no chance to harvest a crop, and their homes, their possessions, and their credit are gone. About two-thirds of the inundated area may perhaps produce a crop of some kind. Meanwhile we hopefully scan the statements of President Coolidge in South Dakota. But we read of no sympathy with or plans for rehabilitating the flood sufferers. There is time for Mr. Coolidge to talk of worms and horses and cowboys, birthday cakes and cerise shirts, but of the flood sufferers, so far as we have observed, there has been no mention. On this problem of national concern the Summer White House has maintained the studied silence of deliberate indifference. It is about time, says the New York *World:*

> to characterize as it deserves to be characterized the policy of an administration which turned its back on the Lower Mississippi Valley and dodged the responsibility of a rehabilitation program simply because it was afraid of calling Congress. That policy was the result of a second-rate, politically minded caution whose one controlling aim was to avoid anything that might "embarrass" the Administration or be "bad politics" for a super-cautious President whose chief worries were in the corn belt, not the South.

JAPANESE TROOPS have reoccupied the province of Shantung, which, even before Confucius was born there some two and a half millenniums ago, was China's holy province. Not only has Japan occupied the port city of Tsingtao, which she took from Germany in 1914—Germany in turn having forced its cession as compensation for the death of two missionaries in the interior—but she has sent her troops inland along the railway to the provincial capital, Tsinanfu—which happens also to be a strategic junction along the northward line of Chiang Kai-shek's projected advance on Peking. Nor are these troops mere defenders of life and property—they include a complete staff of railway operators, with engineers, telegraphers, and station agents. This is the historic form of land imperialism. Japan, which since the Washington Conference had shown a notable vision of her future as a leader of Asia, has reverted to a futile imitation of Western imperialism. For the moment she has checked Chiang's northward movement; but she has started against herself the economic boycott—the powerful weapon of Chinese Nationalism which sapped the roots of British prestige in the Orient. Meanwhile the various wings of the Nationalists seem to be drawing nearer. The Hankow regime is dropping some of its Communist allies; the Nanking Government, desperate in its efforts to scrape together money, is readier to cooperate; and as usual the "Christian general," Feng Yu-hsiang, is waiting to see how the wind blows. And while the foreign marines idly watch, all the Chinese governments are raising tariff rates and jettisoning treaties at a rate which two years ago would have provoked angry ultimatums and threats of armed force.

"WE HAVE BEEN TREATED with the utmost courtesy by the admirals of the Navy Department, but the controlling viewpoint of these gentlemen is purely that of the professional militarist"—thus the supervisors of the City of San Francisco summed up their argument with the Navy Department over the question of a bridge across San Francisco Bay. It is a matter of tremendous import to the city and the steadily increasing number of commuters who live across the bay that a bridge shall take the place of the ferries at a place above Hunter's Point. But the navy flatly vetoes this great and greatly needed peace-time improvement because in time of war "it might be necessary to make sorties out of the bay in fleet formation"! The supervisors have offered to build a bridge so high that all but the very largest battleships can steam under it. The navy wants to anchor its battleships in a place south of Yerba Buena Island. They cannot deny that they could also anchor them north of that island and so be above the bridge, but they prefer the lower anchorage and that is all there is to it. The needs of a great American city and its populous environs are to be subordinated to the chance that some day we might get into a war with somebody and the fleet might be at anchor below Yerba Buena and might have to make a sortie and might have to make that sortie in fleet formation! Had anybody suggested such a thing in 1900 he would have been termed a lunatic. Naturally, San Francisco is appealing over the heads of the admirals to the Secretaries of War and the Navy and to the President. The Secretaries will not help, we are sure; Mr. Coolidge may.

THE MAYOR OF LYNN, Massachusetts, last summer offered a prize to the city employee who should submit the best plan for reducing the tax rate and increasing the efficiency of the city government. The city treasurer, the city clerk, and the city auditor, acting as judges, awarded a prize to Mrs. Della Clifford, a teacher in the Lynn schools, who submitted a plan for reorganization of the naturalization program. The Board of Education invited Mrs. Clifford to read her prize-winning essay at its meeting on February 8. Immediately thereafter the board went into executive session and voted to announce its intention of dismissing Mrs. Clifford, which it did on March 29. No charges against Mrs. Clifford's work or conduct have been made nor have any been found in the records covering her sixteen years of service in the Lynn schools. There are no charges in the record of the meeting of February 8. In fact, one of the members of the board has issued a signed statement to the effect that no charges were brought against her at that time. Apparently the explanation of Mrs. Clifford's dismissal must be sought in the facts that she is politically opposed to the present mayor, who is chairman ex-officio of the Board of Education, that she ran against him on the Labor ticket, and that she is otherwise active in her support of the cause of organized labor.

IF YOU ARE AN HONEST PROFESSOR of biology in some institution that is in danger of going into the hands of receivers, beware of the Baptist Bible Union When "truth" and religion clash, contracts and other rights of instructors suffer. Last June Des Moines University experienced a financial crisis and was bought at a discount by the Baptist Bible Union of North America The first official procedure of the new trustees was to hold an inquisition: Did every faculty member believe the entire Bible literally? Naturally some had stumbled into

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symbolic interpretations; and this resulted in the exodus of twenty faculty members, some of their own accord and the rest by request. Every position in science was vacated, and Norman MacDowell Grier, professor of biology, was asked to leave despite a two-year contract which specified freedom to teach evolution. If the dismissed teachers are willing to wait a year or two, the American Association of University Professors will conduct an investigation and then very likely write letters informing them that their dismissals were quite unjust. In the meantime the instructors can join the army of ousted teachers, and meditate on what is wrong with our educational system.

IN THE BITUMINOUS COAL FIELDS of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and western Pennsylvania, almost 170,000 miners have been on strike since April 1. Their troubles, however, like the flood news, have been confined to the limbo of short public memory. The public has had little to worry about. Plenty of cheap coal is all it wants from the coal industry, and it has been getting that. But the weekly production of the 400,000 non-union coal miners is falling off, while the 90,000,000 tons of surplus coal that was in reserve at the beginning of the strike is becoming depleted. The public may yet join the coal miners and their families in paying the price of laissez-faire production and its resultant cut-throat competition.

FISHING HAS USUALLY BEEN REGARDED as the most harmless and tranquilizing of occupations. The majority of those addicted to the rod vote the straight ticket of the party they were born to, and history does not record a single conspiracy ever hatched beside a trout-stream. Yet the sharp eye of the radio censor can discover a sinister side in any attempt to discuss too searchingly the principles of even the angler's gentle art and accordingly he has just canceled the talk which Mr. Fred B. Shaw was to deliver from station WABC on "Our Trout, Our President, and Our Fishing Methods." We are inclined to suspect that Mr. Shaw is right when he assumes that his proposed references to His Majesty the President, rather than those to either fish or worms, were the cause of the decree of silence issued against him, but inasmuch as his purpose was to defend rather than attack the methods employed by the first of these the affair baffles our editorial sagacity. Is it merely another example of the lengths to which the broadcasting stations will go in their efforts to protect their hearers from any opinions more controversial than those held by Peter Rabbit, or has the apotheosis of Mr. Coolidge reached the point where even to assume that he needs defense is a sort of sacrilege?

AN "ANGRY PASSENGER," so the newspapers say, caused a collision on the elevated railroad in Brooklyn the other day. The doors of the car in which he was riding had failed to open at two successive stations, and the "angry passenger," seizing the cord of the emergency brake, brought the train to a grinding stop just beyond a curve in the road. The curve and a tree cut off the vision of the motorman of a train behind, and he ran into the stalled cars. A number of persons were slightly hurt. Doubtless there will be many moralists to point to the accident as a judgment upon the "angry passenger" and a warning not to give way to impatience. We see no such moral. On the contrary we propose three rousing cheers for the "angry passenger." Fundamentally the accident was not his fault. The operating methods of the road were more to blame, not to speak of the supineness of the transit authorities in allowing the companies to reduce the guards in the subways and on the elevated railways to one for every two cars, so that passengers are often helpless prisoners when doors fail to work. What New York City needs is not fewer, but more angry passengers. A roiled and pugnacious passenger in every car of the subway and "L" would improve transit conditions 50 per cent in three months. We indorse the movement, and as every campaign must have a slogan, we propose:

An angry man in every car
Will soon bring service up to par.

The New York *Times* condemns the American Trade-Union Delegation to Russia. "Outside of Russia," it says, "plenty of material exists for a dispassionate survey of Soviet conditions. . . . Unfortunately observation and contact have hitherto been productive of more error than enlightenment."

"MOTHER, may I look at the Bolsheviks?"
"Yes, my little gusher;
"But 'ware of Soviet parlor tricks
"And don't go near to Russia.

"Wash your hands if you touch their tracts;
"Stop your ears when they speak;
"Dispassionately survey the facts
"From afar; but, child, don't peek!

"Nervous Nellie will show you how—
"Borrow Nellie's glasses;
"Listen to Winston's bow-wow-wow—
"But hide if a Russian passes."

THE BODY OF JULIUS SLOWACKI, the "Shelley of Poland," has just been brought back to his native land and his remains consigned to the vaults of the Polish kings on the Wawel Hill at Cracow. This signal honor of repatriation has been given seventy-eight years after his death to a brilliant dreamer who in his lifetime suffered a tempestuous career of exile and desperate poverty. Born in Krzemieniec on August 23, 1809, Slowacki received his education at the University of Vilna. In 1830 his too daring conceptions of freedom forced him to leave the country, and it was during his foreign wanderings that he gave vent to the remarkable spirit of poetry which has placed him with Mickiewicz and Krasinski in the divine trio of Polish poetry. A dramatist of power, his intense nationalism poured forth against his country's oppression. The return of Slowacki's remains to the soil he loved, to the posterity his songs have helped weld together, is one of the happy expressions of Europe's post-war nationalism.

SOMETHING OF THE FIRE OF IRELAND went out when the Countess Markievicz died. Although she married a Polish nobleman she was Irish to the core, and a flame of idealism wherever she went. Born to ease, she began as a Lady Bountiful in Dublin's slums, and there won the sympathies that bound her close to Irish hearts to the end. England condemned her to death after the Easter uprising in 1916, but set her free in time to be the first woman elected to the British Parliament. She never took her seat; she would not swear allegiance to the King. To the end she remained an irreconcilable Republican.

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From Geneva to Honolulu

WHILE the Geneva Disarmament Conference is spouting hot lava and suspicion, a less noisy but far more genuine disarmament conference is meeting at Honolulu. The Institute of Pacific Relations is drawing together for the second time a group of unofficial delegates of most of the great Pacific countries. We say "most" advisedly, because this Honolulu conference follows the tradition by omitting from its sessions representatives of Soviet Russia. It was, for Europe, a great thing when Frenchmen and Germans learned to drink beer together and meet as friends, but Europe will not settle down until the same atmosphere of friendly confidence extends to sessions with Russians. It is a great stride forward for Americans and Japanese to light each other's cigarettes while discussing California's immigration laws, and for Englishmen and Chinese to consider over their teacups the future of Shanghai; but there are dangerous reserves to any meeting which first excludes and then elaborately ignores its exclusion of representatives of any great country. And Russia is, indisputably and sometimes menacingly, one of the great Pacific Powers.

When statesmen admit that they disagree, the fact somehow contrives to seem disastrous. Every European diplomatic pow-wow since the war, however violent its private disagreements, has concluded with a solemn assertion of complete agreement. This Honolulu session is franker. It meets avowedly to discuss the points of friction between East and West, "with the hope that an honest attempt to state these differences may lead to a way to reconcile them." It certainly has the courage of its hopes. As a preliminary to its sessions, data have been assembled upon some of the most prickly problems. Professor Eliot Mears of Leland Stanford University has collated American laws affecting Orientals. The Australians have made similar studies; the Japanese have tabulated their laws dealing with foreigners. At least something is gained by the discovery that none of the countries facing the Pacific cares to give aliens the same privileges which it allows its own citizens. Sir Frederick Whyte, first president of the Indian Legislative Assembly, who heads the British delegation, has prepared a monograph on "China and the Foreign Powers" which reveals the painfully honest effort of a born proconsul of empire to understand the raucous language of young Asia.

One must not expect immediate effects from such a conference. No treaties will emerge from it; no battleships will be scrapped as a result of it and no colonies will be relinquished. But it may go far to establish the habit of joint discussion of international problems which is, after all, more important than courts or treaties or battleships. And the habit of joint discussion, shallowly rooted even in Europe, is a growingly important matter in the Pacific. Far as we have progressed since the days of the Boxer expeditions and indemnities we are still in the ultimatum-stage of manners when it comes to China. No foreign Power has been willing to accept the Chinese suggestions of a joint investigation of responsibility for the Nanking affair. The foreigners have assembled the testimony of their own nationals, and have thought that enough.

As Benton MacKaye says elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, there was a time when we had a planet but not a world. There were several worlds. Today the Panama and Suez canals, the Trans-Siberian railway, the ocean-bridging airplanes are knitting the world's civilizations into one fabric. China and India, with half the earth's man-power, are no longer to be remote, romantic countries, nor can we afford to treat them as pariahs. They buy our mineral oil and weave our silk and grow the beans that yield other oils for our industries. Their civil wars climb onto the front pages of our newspapers; perforce we begin to distinguish between Chang and Chiang. America, more or less unconsciously, is accepting their new importance. The Pacific Coast thinks New York provincial because it pays so much more attention to its Lindberghs, Chamberlins, and Byrds than to the Pacific-flying Maitlands, Hegenbergers, and Smiths. San Francisco-to-Hongkong interests it more than New York-to-Paris—and it is thinking in more contemporaneous terms than are we of the Atlantic Coast. It is not without significance that the first five Presidents of the Nineteenth Century had all seen European service; and that from Andrew Jackson's day to Roosevelt's only one President had seen Europe before he entered the White House. We began as an Atlantic colony of Europe, dependent upon Europe for ideas, for literature, for industrial resources. Then we turned our back upon the Eastern ocean and molded an inland nation. Today that nation faces two seas. Already one President of the United States has seen service in Asia before taking the country's helm; others are sure to follow. We will no longer be dominated in our outlook by the traditions of a single ocean; we are, as a nation, a bridge between two civilizations. In our day a Londoner can reach Shanghai more rapidly by passing through the United States than by following the ancient route through the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Such facts mold history.

But East is East, we have been saying, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. Poet never composed a more dangerous lie. The twain do meet. They meet in the public schools of California, in the treaty ports like Shanghai—and, fortunately, in the Institute of Pacific Relations at Honolulu. They meet, and they modify each other. One of the preliminary studies for the Honolulu meeting was a rather tragic investigation of the second-generation Oriental in America. Boys and girls, put through the mill of the American public-school system, become, psychologically, completely Americanized. They refuse to speak their parents' tongues; they lose all understanding of the land of their origin—but retain the physical stigmata which bar them from most channels of advance in this race-conscious country. One homesick son of Los Angeles who had visited the cherry-blossom country of his fathers, wrote in ecstacy when he returned to familiar sights: "It takes a Hearst paper to make me feel at home." Ridiculous as these extremes sound, they are evidence of the fundamental human kinship. There is no barrier to understanding and sympathy in brain and blood cells. We can meet, we can talk together, we can understand. The college presidents and professors, the ministers, labor leaders, and social workers from both sides of the Pacific who are meeting today in ing against mutual suspicions which are potentially far more dangerous to the human race than those which have flared so vividly at Geneva.

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General von Hoffmann

GENERAL Max von Hoffmann, whose death in Germany has been reported, played an extraordinary role in the World War. He was the officer who conducted Lenin and his revolutionary associates in a closed and guarded car from Switzerland to the territory in Russia occupied by the Germans, and there set them loose to undermine the Czar. When that work was successfully accomplished, to a far greater degree than this German general desired, it was again General von Hoffmann who had to meet the emissaries of Lenin to formulate in March, 1918, what was truly the infamous treaty of Brest-Litovsk. For that treaty General von Hoffmann always maintained that he was unjustly blamed; he was, he said, merely carrying out instructions—and that was doubtless true. But he did it in the manner characteristic of the German militarists—a vigorous and extremely unpleasant imitation of Bismarck's method of dealing with his conquered foes. It gave a tremendous chance to the Allies, and they and their propagandists leaped to the opportunity. "See," they said, "what is happening at Brest-Litovsk. This von Hoffmann is just like all the other German leaders; he is despoiling beaten Russia of the entire Ukraine, with its thirty million people; he is demanding and getting one-third of all the Russian industries, one-quarter of her arable land, and about a quarter of her people. This confirms all that we have said as to the character and purposes of the war Germany is waging. She will do the same to us if she wins." And these assertions carried conviction far and wide.

Beyond question the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was one of the worst defeats the Germans sustained—one of the very worst of the war. General von Hoffmann was not willing to admit that, but he did admit grimly that he and his government reckoned without their host in loosing Lenin and his party, whose identity he so carefully guarded on their journey across Europe. He admitted this when he was hiding in a Munich hotel during the fighting which went on after the assassination of President Eisner—hiding and reviling those who were following the teachings of Lenin in the Bavarian capital, and knowing full well that if they should hear of his presence he would immediately be arrested. He still insisted that there was nothing to do at Brest-Litovsk but to strip the Bolsheviks of as much territory and power as possible, felt that the Allies should have been grateful to him, and declared that Germany and the Allies should at once wage a holy war to oust his erstwhile protege Lenin and take over the entire Russian Empire for joint administration. Doubtless the British diehards of today would sympathize with him.

For the rest, General von Hoffmann was a brilliant chief of staff, first to Ludendorff and then to Hindenburg, in all the battles which drove the Russians out of Prussia and into the Masurian Lakes. But the greatest of his services, so far as the outside world is concerned, was the writing of his book, "The War of Lost Opportunities," in which he relentlessly dwelt upon the failure of German military leadership—even violently criticizing his old chief, Ludendorff, for his dreadful blundering on the west front in 1918. The Verdun attack similarly came in for his criticism, as well as the original error in withdrawing two army corps from the movement through Belgium and France to the Marne. The Kaiser and the western front military leaders had tried to excuse this on the ground that these army corps were need by Hindenburg; von Hoffmann was the first to prove that the great victories on the Russian frontier were won without the aid of a single German soldier from the west front.

The Elgin Marbles

THOUGH the conscience of the British empire is not notoriously tender it is now mildly troubled by the fact that Greece has just entered a polite request that the Elgin Marbles be returned to her. Even when, in 1816, Lord Elgin sold to the government the treasures he had stripped from the Acropolis at Athens there were those who thought that they belonged by right to the nation which had created them and who argued that the permission he had from the Turkish authorities to cart them away gave him little moral justification for despoiling a subjected people. And though a century of possession has a tendency to make any theft seem legitimate there is actually less reason now than ever why London should hold what belongs by every right to Athens. Greece is today her own mistress; she could place the sculptures in their proper setting; and there is no longer the danger, actually present in Lord Elgin's time, that they might be destroyed in the course of military operations. England is naturally loath to give up one of the greatest treasures of the British Museum, but she has had them for more than a hundred years and possession has amply repaid her for her guardianship.

It is true, however, that no one could maintain that this was the most flagrant of similar thefts. Visitors to the museum shortly after the war, when so much was being said about the vandalism of the Germans, did not always see the humor of the inscription there upon a certain important monument which was declared to have been "acquired" at the capitulation of Alexandria, and many famous works of art have been "acquired" by means equally dubious. If our memory serves us the French, in a burst of generosity, once returned to their new allies, the Italians, some of the paintings that had happened to catch Napoleon's eye, and by the Treaty of St. Germain the Austrians were compelled to send back some of the treasures which they, also, had carried away from Italy; but in the latter case restoration was largely the result of an application of the principle that to the victor belongs the spoils even though it happen that they were his in the first place, and if any general restoration of works of art to their natural owners should take place there would be many whose history would be as long as that of the famous bronze horses of Venice which were dragged back and forth over Europe by one ravisher after another.

The truth of the matter is that even today public morality lags in this respect, as in all others, far behind private principles. Generals who prided themselves on the discipline of their forces which permitted no looting and who would certainly have been above any temptation to rob their victims for their own benefit, have seen nothing improper when it came to "acquiring" things for their government. Yet loot is loot whatever its nature, and should the British Government see fit to return the Elgin Marbles it would be making, for a government, a magnificent gesture. It would, that is to say, be acting like a decent individual.

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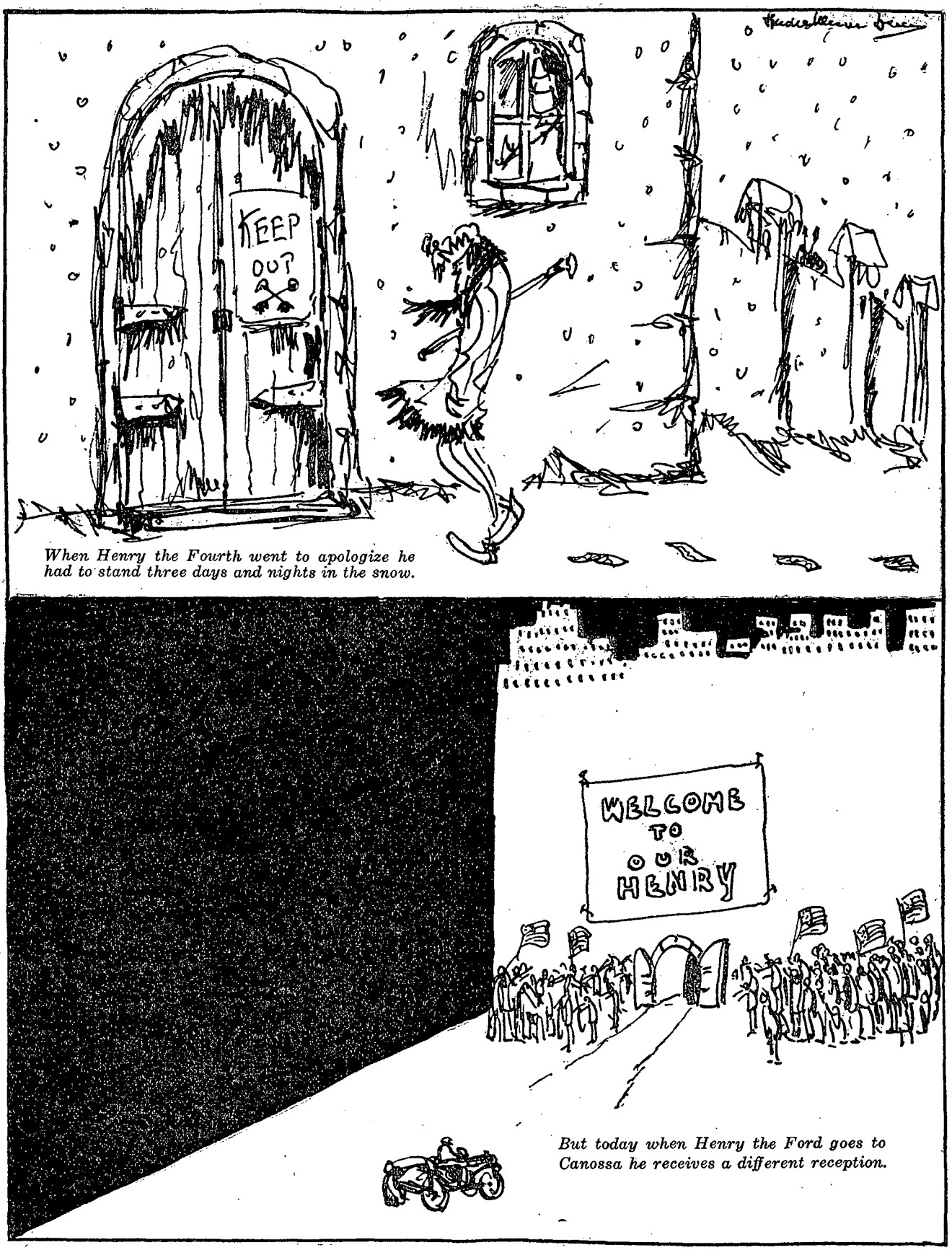

When Henry the Fourth went to apologize he had to stand three days and nights in the snow.

But today when Henry the Ford goes to Canossa he receives a different reception.

The World Does Change

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There's Mud on Indiana's White Robes

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

THESE torrid July days of the Mississippi Valley are feverishly heated in more ways than one in my native Indiana. The white robes of Klandom, which stalked through the corn-fields into the Hoosier State House and the city halls, are undergoing a chemical analysis in the political laboratory. Smut and slime, deep-embedded, are found in their fabric. The hooded Governor of the State is under fire. The mayor of the capital city is awaiting trial for perjury and campaign irregularities. Many another good man and true in public esteem is quaking in his job-holding boots. Inch by inch the "Old Man" is lifting the lid of his little black box.

The history of the rise and fall of the "Old Man" is the history of the metamorphosis of Indiana. Less than a generation ago the spirit of tolerance was abroad. The liberal traditions of Robert Owen and his New Harmony experiment were mildly kept alive in the person of his son. Robert Dale Owen played a modest but respected role in public affairs. James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, could still sing of his love and reverence for the radical agitator "Gene" Debs of Terre Haute. Father Francis H. Gavisk, pastor of St. John's Catholic Church in Indianapolis and one-time chairman of the National Conference for Social Work, was generally respected and admired. Local intellectual life was likewise alert and progressive. Literary heroes of the hour rose from its cross-roads and hay-ricks to conquer the publishers and readers of metropolitan cities.

Beneath this superficial surface of broad-mindedness and near-culture there lived a population largely crude and ingrown. Literate but ignorant, Anglo-Saxon but decadent, colorless in imagination and vocabulary but much given to the tinseled pomp of fraternal organizations—these worthy brethren of the Tennessee anti-evolutionists were merely awaiting the whispered message of the Klan.

It was upon this post-war wave of Pecksniffery and prejudice that the "Old Man" rode into overlordship. He made the Invisible Realm of Indiana supreme over the State of Indiana. He became a white-robed Warwick, electing and deposing Republican chairmen, controlling cities and counties, dictating the Republican choice for Governor—with his eyes on the Presidency of the United States as a possible future prize. With irony enough, his first contact with the Klan was due to accident and a Democrat. It was just before the United States entered the war that a blonde, cherubic, immaculately dressed man—D. C. Stephenson by name—set himself up without warning in the city of Evansville. He established a rather elaborate suite of offices there, presumably entering upon the business of securing coal-land leases. Rumor had it—set on foot by himself—that he was wealthy by reason of an oil well or two in Texas. It was not long until he had plunged into politics as a Democrat and in an incredibly short time announced himself as a candidate for Congress. The local organization, disturbed, drafted a leading lawyer of the city for his primary opponent. Whereupon "Steve" magnanimously rushed into print in favor of his rival, and ingratiated himself with the organization by his "generous" action.

About this time, murmurings of the Klan could be heard in southern Indiana. Benjamin Bosse, Democratic mayor of Evansville and State chairman of his party, looked upon it with some favor as a possible means of curbing the growing Negro vote in his district and as a possible stepping-stone to the Governorship. He dispatched the busy Stephenson to Atlanta to look into the prospects of the Invisible Empire. "Steve" went, saw, and conquered—for he returned not as Bosse's agent but as an important unit in the national Klan machine. He moved to Indianapolis, to direct the high-pressure drive for $10 fees, where he blossomed forth as Grand Dragon of the Realm.

Events thereupon followed each other in rapid succession. The individual $10 rolled in by the hundreds of thousands. In his historic letter to the present Governor "Steve" mentions "300,000 grateful and honest Hoosiers" who had written him letters congratulating him on his crusade. The letters were accompanied by cash. Cash and the grateful and honest Hoosiers backing him paved his way to power. Senator James E. Watson, staunch defender of Newberryism and apt pupil of "Joe" Cannon, courted "Steve's" favor and allied himself with the Klan. After a bitter battle the important Marion County committee of the Republican Party capitulated to Stephenson and elected his man, George O. Coffin, as chairman. Money talked there as elsewhere. "Steve" has so far produced one $500 check paid to the committee men, but it is known that there was much more that went the same way. By the campaign of 1924 he had named Clyde Walb as Republican State chairman and Ed Jackson, Secretary of State, as Republican gubernatorial candidate.

Jackson, the present Governor, is a mediocre man with far from mediocre ambitions. Brimming over with good health, his resultant physical composure is sometimes taken for the repose of genius. A politician all his life, his adhesion to the Klan was purely pragmatic. The Stephenson yoke galled his shoulders, and he undoubtedly sighed in relief when "Steve" was found guilty of rape upon Madge Oberholtzer, thus causing her death. The bizarre claim of a frame-up, put forward by Stephenson's high-priced attorneys, failed to impress the jury. The dying statement of the victim and the uncontestable medical testimony on the fatal results of the sadistic lacerations on her body were too eloquent to admit of any other verdict than "Guilty." He was sent to the State prison at Michigan City for life, and it was not until this present month that his voice was to reach effectively outside his prison walls and drag the Governor's name into the mire with his own.

Before these things had come to pass, the Klan-controlled Legislature of 1925 had met and passed into history. "Romanism" was the particular black beast of the Indiana organization. Jews, Negroes, and radicals were thrown into the basket of hatreds and prejudices for good measure.

Shortly after Stephenson's conviction for murder, late in 1925, his friend John L. Duvall was elected mayor of Indianapolis. This was the outcome of the capture of Marion County control by "Steve" and Coffin sometime before. During the campaign the inevitable clothes-pin ticket appeared mysteriously on every front porch on election day morning. It proclaimed Duvall and the Republican ticket to be "100 per cent American" and pledged to "white Prot-

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estant Gentile supremacy." Ex-Judge Charles Orbison, Democrat and State prohibition director under Woodrow Wilson, campaigned secretly in various evangelical Protestant churches for Duvall's election. A school-board ticket, appearing frankly as the "Protestant" slate on the ballot, was swept into office with the new mayor.

The "Protestant" school board was in large part the handiwork of Clarence C. Shipp, industrious manufacturer of ventilators for public buildings. The principles of Puritanism are foreign to Mr. Shipp's philosophy and mode of living, but the making and vending of ventilators has become a passion with him as well as a means of profit. Specifications adopted by the board for new school buildings make it difficult for any but the Shippian ventilators to win the awards.

This fact has led to repeated clashes with the State Tax Commission, which has the duty of passing upon all local bond issues of school cities. Zealous Klansmen are frankly impatient with the board-members for not having pitched out of the schools all teachers of the Catholic and Jewish persuasions long ere this. They have been somewhat appeased by the summary dismissal of the Superintendent of Schools, E. U. Graff, an honorable gentleman and able educator.

The Duvall administration, on its part, has been the most inefficient in Indianapolis. Even the preceding rule of the auctioneer-vaudeville artist, Lew Shank, shines in comparison with it. Four city engineers followed each other in kaleidoscopic succession in the course of a year and a half. The city purchasing agent is under indictment for bribery and is about to go to trial. The city market master, who retired under a barrage of charges of corruption, is in a similar predicament. The mayor faces the possibility of a sojourn behind the bars for alleged concealment of campaign contributions. His brother-in-law, the city controller, is linked with him in this charge. The resultant disgust of the citizenry was reflected in the city-manager campaign of this year, which was successful by a five-to-one vote in the special election.

Meanwhile, Stephenson began to grow restive. Reposing in the State prison while his appeal is under advisement in the Supreme Court, he viewed with some misgiving the inaction of his friends in his behalf. They who were in the seats of power through his money and activity were beginning to ignore him. The "Old Man"—that name which he had signed to orders to many of them—was evidently the "Old Man" no longer. Arthur R. Robinson, his friend and one-time legal adviser, had been elevated to Senator Ralston's seat in the United States Senate, presumably through "Steve's" influence. Claude Worley, his confidant, had been named Indianapolis inspector of detectives, through what "Steve" alleges was a written agreement with the Duvall-Coffin forces. Governor Jackson's campaign fund had been enriched by at least $73,000, it now appears from Stephenson's Klan-lined pocketbook.

Suddenly, last year, the ex-Grand Dragon announced that he was "tired of being double-crossed" and would tell all. A photostatic copy of a check from "Steve" to the Governor was circulating freely through the State. There were open charges that at least another $5,000 had been accepted directly by Jackson from the deposed Klan leader. The Indianapolis *Times* collected a mass of witnesses and evidence apparently corroborating Stephenson's accusations of widespread corruption throughout the State. These were submitted to the Marion County grand jury, in the fall. "Steve" had no faith in that body as then constituted, however, and refused to testify before it when the opportunity finally came. So well did his underground information service still function that he predicted the exact poll of the grand jury on the corruption question, and it is said that his prediction was verified. Although the Governor was openly involved in the accusations going about, the unusual procedure was followed of reimbursing the assistant prosecutor, Ralph Kane, and the special prosecutor, Fred C. Gause, out of the Governor's personal contingent fund. They each received $5,500 for their services in connection with the grand jury investigation. Gause, an ex-judge, now appears as personal adviser to the Governor in his present difficulties. The grand jury reported that "under the peculiar circumstances" hedging it about, it could only exonerate the State officials, but that local officials were undoubtedly involved in some way.

Finally the *Times* got its hands on some of those Stephenson checks which are now being exposed to the vision of the country. I had the privilege of gazing upon the $2,500 check to Jackson, with the Governor's vertical and precise signature on its back. This is a part of the $10,000 which Stephenson alleges was given to Jackson for campaign purposes but never reported as such by him. The Governor says it was for a horse, but that has been greeted by loud laughter through the State.

The difficulties confronting the *Times* in its efforts to get at the facts are themselves damning evidence of something rotten in Indiana. The grand jury of this year was dismissed, because one of its members alleged that an attempt had been made to bribe him to exonerate public officials. The 1927 Legislature defeated a resolution to investigate the corruption, by a straight party vote. The Republicans went into caucus and made the investigation a party matter. The Klan judge, Clarence Dearth of Muncie, escaped impeachment by a much narrower margin—that of two votes. He had been sanctimoniously irregular in empaneling juries from kindred souls with himself, and had suppressed liberty of the press by imprisoning newsboys who sold the anti-Klan Muncie *Post-Democrat*; he confiscated copies of the paper attacking his lordship. A registered communication from an agent of the United States Department of Justice to the *Times*, returning incriminating documents, was opened by a clerk in the Indianapolis post office and read at the window to someone there. Nothing was ever done about this, either by local postal authorities or Postmaster General New, himself from Indiana.

Aid came to the *Times* last year in the person of Thomas H. Adams, for thirty years editor and publisher of the Vincennes *Commercial*. Taking his Republicanism seriously, "Tom" Adams brought the details he had of his party's bad odor to the Republican editors' convention. At first he got a ready hearing, but later his colleagues withdrew from the fight and some attacked his motives.

Stephenson, having released damaging checks and correspondence for publication, now says he will release no more until his case has been passed upon by the Supreme Court. That there is probably "much more" can be gauged from his statement at one time that he had spent $300,000 for the election of candidates and that he has already revealed alleged written agreements with a congressman and city officials for the granting of public offices to his followers in return for this cash.

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The Negro in the Industrial South

By E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

THE sentiment in this country which has favored industrial education for the Negro has been built upon a rationalization of prejudice rather than an intelligent appraisal of the facts of Negro life. In the South industrial education was regarded as the kind of education which would maintain the proper relationship between the two races. The highly industrialized North looked upon industrial education as the proper education for the masses. It has turned out that the majority of the graduates of the so-called industrial schools of the South have gone out as teachers and community leaders; while the wealthy industrialists of the North, who have given generously to the industrial education of the Negro in the South, have seldom given him an opportunity to use his education in their plants.

Therefore it is necessary to make clear the fact that industrial education—so far as the Negro is concerned—was never designed to fit him into the industrial organization of the North or the growing industrialism of the South. It should also be made clear that the name, industrial, as applied to most Negro schools in the South, is used chiefly to placate Southern prejudice. The industrial work in the elementary schools is often an obstruction to real teaching; and North Carolina, with its enlightened attitude towards Negro education, is abolishing most of the farce. On the other hand the "industrial departments" in Negro schools are maintained often as exhibits for white visitors in order to insure appropriations. A further limitation upon the specific social function of these schools is the fact that while they give some training in a few trades, they are not equipped except in two or three cases to instruct in the technical processes of mass production. In many cases time is wasted in learning trades which no longer exist and in cumbrously making by hand articles which are now manufactured more economically and more efficiently by machines. The most effective part of the industrial program serving a specific economic function has been the instruction in scientific methods of agriculture. This has been due not so much to the fact that the graduates of the schools have become farmers as that they as farm demonstrators and in other capacities as community leaders have become teachers for the masses of Negro farmers. But industrial education so far has not been especially designed, as it is generally supposed, to fit the Negro into the industrial organization of the South.

The South is undergoing today an unprecedented industrial development. Not only is the development evidenced by the movement south of the textile industry of New England; but capital is finding a rich harvest wherever it plants the seeds of industry. While the South offers many natural advantages, its strongest inducement is an unlimited supply of labor. In fact, the South advertises to the country her vast reserves of docile native white labor that has not been contaminated by foreign agitators. It is well known how this lack of organization and working-class consciousness has made it easy for capital to exploit labor. Along with the urbanization of the white population has gone the city-ward movement of the Negroes. Although this latter phenomenon has been less dramatic in the South than in the North, it is a fact of important consequences for the Negro. One of the most important aspects of the inter-racial problem is the relationship between white and black labor in the industrial South.

The caste system of race relations affects the labor situation as it affects all race relations. The white workers have swallowed the tradition of the vanished slave-holding aristocracy. This has made them easy tools in the hands of political demagogues subservient to the will of organized wealth. In the present industrial development where white labor has become organized it is attempting to secure itself against the exploitation of capital and maintain the subordination of Negro labor. The antipathy of white labor towards the Negro dates from before the Civil War. There was first the hatred of the slave on the part of the poor white class, from whom the industrial laboring force comes. Then there was the opposition of white workmen to both slave and free Negro artisans which was expressed in complaints against the industrial education of freemen, proposed by the abolitionists, and the competition of Negro workers.

Historically, the Negro has been on the side of capital. In the South he has received his education through the philanthropy of Northern capitalists. Even in the South, the white employing class, which has become accommodated to the mass of Negroes in domestic service, has not shown the antagonism of the poor whites. It is also true that the culture of the wealthy has restrained them from the barbarous acts of the lower working classes.

But there are those who see that Negro labor ultimately must seek cooperation with white labor. These same observers have criticized the tactics of the interracial movement because it has sought the cooperation of white employers and white and black intellectuals rather than the workers of the two races. The action of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce in securing an injunction restraining the city council from enforcing the bill restricting Negro barbers to colored patronage might have been due partly to sentimental attachment to the Negro barber, but it was primarily aimed at the growing power of organized labor which was responsible for the passage of the bill. The action of the Chamber of Commerce cannot be taken—as we shall see—as an indication that the economic improvement of the Negro depends upon an alignment with capital in the South.

The attitude of capital toward Negro labor is well illustrated by the two cases which follow. When an industrial plant was projected in a large Southern city, the Chamber of Commerce sought to make it a non-union job, but failed because the technical skill which was required was too well organized. The unskilled Negro workers who were at first to be paid fifty cents an hour by the outside contractors were forced to accept twenty-five cents an hour through the action of the Chamber of Commerce. In another Southern city when a municipal contract was let to a construction company the city council passed a ruling restricting the wages to be paid Negro labor. The Negro worker does not fare any better at the hands of organized or unorganized

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white labor. The barbers' union was directly responsible for the passage of the law against Negro barbers. In the first case cited above the white unionists piously washed their hands of the whole affair and made no attempt to organize the black workers. A union official justified this indifference on the ground that the Negroes were not organized! The attempt on the part of a union official to excuse organized labor on the ground that the Atlanta Federation of Labor refused to endorse the action of the barbers' union does not exonerate white labor. White labor is responsible for statutory restrictions in the South affecting the employment and wages of black laborers, such as the Atlanta law making $100 a month the minimum wage for all "white" skilled and semi-skilled city employees, and other laws automatically barring Negro workmen from following certain lines of employment. The white Columbia (S. C.) *State*, in opposing the recent law passed by the State Senate restricting Negro barbers of the State to colored people, warned the whites that such legislation would cause Negroes and Northern whites to test the constitutionality of all statutory restrictions on the economic activities of Negroes. The decline of craftsmanship and loss of the monopoly of certain trades by Negroes since the Civil War, which have often been attributed to their following the false light of higher education, have been due largely to statutory restrictions. The present caste system in the South places the Negro in the growing industrialism of the South at the mercy of both capital and white labor.

Some leaders of organized labor in the South endeavor to place the blame for the antagonism of white labor on the Negroes. Their chief argument is that the Negro workers are hostile to white labor because their leaders, especially the ministers who wield the greatest influence, are constantly the recipients of doles from the white employers. This is undoubtedly true to some extent; but it is also true with the white religious leaders who accept donations from wealthy men. White labor leaders, as a rule, have not approached the Negro laboring group as fellow workers in attempting to organize them; but have attempted to organize them as an alien subordinate group to be used for their own advancement. Where white labor has honestly undertaken the organization of Negro labor and has been loyal to the black worker, the response has equalled their efforts. An example of honest cooperation is afforded by the following case: In a Southern city the white employers, in letting a large printing contract, attempted to force white unionists to accept ten cents less per hour than the union scale by the threat that they would employ black workers. When the white unionists refused to yield, they used the same ruse to force the black unionists to accept wages beneath the union scale. The black workers proved equally good unionists and the work was divided between the two races at the regular union scale.

But generally we do not find such intelligent and far-sighted cooperation between the two groups. The writer knows of a case in which a white union official obtained the charter of a colored local which was in financial trouble, and chartered a white local. Although the colored local was restored to good standing, the white local has secured a monopoly on the work in that field. The action of the white brick-layers union in Memphis in insisting that bricklaying be taken out of the Negro industrial high school shows that even industrial education for the Negro is not favored when it gives the Negro economic equality with the white worker.

The white employers have not failed to keep white and black workers apart by keeping alive in the former the idea of white supremacy. As the industrialization of the South grows, the white working class will become class-conscious and resist through organization the present unchallenged supremacy of capital. Faced with this situation, white capital will not hesitate to turn to the black worker, as it has always turned in such situations to an unorganized group of workers. The unions will, therefore, be forced to recognize the Negro as they have done—in self-defense—in the North. In the meanwhile the masses of Negroes who are forced into menial and domestic services will be held down to the poverty level by capital and labor. Even the superstructure of Negro business which is being hailed as a significant economic development will rest upon an insecure basis in the absence of an industrial class. Neither the sentimental philanthropy which still lingers in the South nor the growth of scientific social work can eradicate the effects of this economic subordination of the Negro.

Iceland and Industry

By EARL HANSON

A FRIEND in Washington writes: "I hear a Norwegian company has acquired concessions for large-scale water-power developments in Iceland. I hope it's not true. It would be the beginning of the end. With industry comes wealth, and wealth means also poverty. Industry means labor troubles."

The generalizations are true, their application difficult. Should a nation forget its ambitions in order to remain a human and historical curiosity, a playground for romantic tourists and salmon-fishing sportsmen?

The beginning of the end set in some time ago. Fifty years ago there was little poverty in Iceland because there was little concentrated wealth. At the time of my first visit, in 1920, the country hardly knew the meaning of the phrase labor trouble. A month ago I witnessed the May Day demonstration in Reykjavik. Four hundred men and women marched down the street carrying red flags and communistic banners, not a single national flag, singing the "Internationale." A well-organized socialistic party, organized labor with some years of practice in striking, is ready, awaiting the introduction of industry.

What are they fighting for? I interviewed one of the labor leaders. In the end they want nationalization of fishing, of agriculture, and other industry. At present they want changes in the nation's election laws, higher wages for fishermen and laborers, and eight hours' sleep on the trawlers. Eight hours' sleep, sixteen hours' work, eat when they can.

The old, peaceful, picturesque Iceland is disappearing. Progress has come. Industry means further progress. Shall a nation stop progressing in order to remain picturesque? Even the friend in Washington likes to travel in automobiles and Pullman cars.

Diversified industry must come to Iceland. There has been too much dependence upon fishing. Thirty years ago Iceland had not a single steam trawler. Today it has thirty-five. There is over-production, helped along by enormous competition from Norway and the Faroe Islands. The price of fish goes down and everybody in Iceland is hard up.

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These are hard times. Shall a nation be at the mercy of the fish merchants of Spain? When Spain gets too much salted codfish money becomes scarce in Iceland. The exchange goes down, business suffers, credit suffers. One cannot remedy the condition with the means at hand—by catching more codfish.

Newfoundland was once helped out of a similar predicament through water power and paper mills. Iceland must be helped through water power, nitrates, aluminum.

Eventually the country will be helped through the development of agriculture. Iceland's soil is fertile. Its hay is rich and fine. Its mutton is good. Its wool is good. Both mutton and wool can be sold in England. Icelanders say their mutton is cheaper and better than that from New Zealand. But it will be some years before agricultural exports can make themselves felt in the finances of the country.

Iceland's population is 100,000. Agriculture supports 40,000. The average density of population is 2.5 per square mile. That of the United States is 36; of the United Kingdom, 469. Agriculture in Iceland could support close to half a million persons. When that figure is reached the island's agricultural exports will go a long way toward feeding England.

Iceland's fisheries could support another half-million—if the fish can be sold. Living, as it does today, on fishing and agriculture, the country can support a million inhabitants. But its finances will be unstable—perhaps even more unstable than they are today. American farmers can tell us that those who depend for their living on the production of humanity's prime necessity, food, lead a precarious existence. A nation like Iceland needs other industry to stabilize its existence.

Today the nation is underpopulated. So is Canada. Canada welcomes immigrants. Iceland does not. Immigrants mean race problems. Iceland has a pure population, growing at the rate of over one per cent a year. In seventy years it will be doubled. The country must be held open and made ready for those future inhabitants. It must be complete and effective, producing both materials and food.

Iceland has few natural resources as we commonly think of them. It has no coal, no timber, no known metal deposits that are commercially exploitable. But it has power, unlimited power—more water power per inhabitant than any other country in Europe. And numberless hot springs and geysers can be used for power, as they are at Lardarello, Tuscany. Skeptics may want to know what good the power is when there are no raw materials. Skeptics would better look around. England weaves millions of yards of cotton and doesn't grow one pound of it. Where power is cheap, it pays to import raw materials. And Iceland, like Norway, can make nitrate fertilizers out of thin air.

Of course industry means labor trouble—until such time as we discover what great stupidity of ours makes it mean that. But industry also means progress. Progress is a shifty word, open to many definitions. As an engineer I can define and measure it—in terms of horse power developed, of automobiles per inhabitant, of miles of telephone wire strung up on poles, of the number of engineers employed. As a doctor I would define and measure it in an entirely different manner. As a financier or a socialist—oh, well, we hide behind our labels and each looks at the world through the glasses of his particular color. I am glad I have a label. If I were merely a human being, I would have to discover some ultimate reason for human existence before I would dare to talk about progress.

The friend in Washington says that industry would mean the beginning of the end for Iceland. The beginning of the end came a hundred years ago when the Icelanders emerged from their condition of near-extermination. The population curve proves the point. Up to 1800 the population curve swung violently up and down, from fifty thousand to forty thousand, back to fifty thousand and down to thirty-seven. Famine, pestilence, and volcanic disturbances harassed the people. The Icelanders could not help themselves.

They were under the iron rule of Danish kings. Denmark enforced a rigid trade monopoly, as rigid as that in Greenland today. Only the state could trade in Iceland. The state didn't make much money at it and wasn't enthusiastic about trading. Icelanders needed trade. Lacking timber, lacking cereals, lacking iron of their own, they needed them from abroad. Lacking commerce and communication, they died by the thousands.

The trade monopoly was partially lifted in 1787. Iceland was thrown open to all Danes. The population curve immediately improved. Slowly and fitfully it began to climb upward. It passed the fifty-thousand mark and climbed—climbed. In 1854 the country was opened to all nationalities. Twenty years later Icelanders gained home rule and freedom in the management of their economic affairs. With the memories of their darkest days only a century old they went energetically to work. Production, communication, and commerce, these were needed for the welfare of the country.

They built a telegraph line, they laid cables, they bought motor boats and steam trawlers, they improved their agricultural methods, they built roads and bought automobiles. Today they need manufacturing. They will get it. Where is the man who can say at what point progress shall stop because it brings its evils?

Since 1890 the population curve has climbed rapidly upward, steadily, healthily. In 1918 Iceland became an independent nation, connected with Denmark only by a personal union, through the circumstance of having the same king. Americans, unused to royalty and its functions, find it hard to understand that a country can be an independent sovereign state while paying a salary to the king of another nation. But many Americans are presidents of two or more commercial and industrial companies that are entirely independent of one another.

As an engineer I am becoming intimately acquainted with the problems of industry in Iceland. Next year I will begin a study of horse power available, of dollars needed for construction, of returns to be expected. I can calculate the effects my projects will have on the national life of Iceland—on the country's economic condition, on the movement of population, on the danger of a serious unemployment problem. Can I calculate their effects on the contentment and happiness of the Icelanders?

If the New Yorker's arrogant pride in Hell Gate Bridge and the proposed Larkin Tower has anything to do with contentment, if my aunt's delight in her new electric washing machine has anything to do with happiness, then the answer is easy.

The trouble is, they haven't.

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In the Driftway

YESTERDAY the Drifter sent Charlie Anderson a plug of tobacco. His mind is easier now, for the promise of that plug should have been kept long before this. And the Drifter got the reward of his virtue for he had to look up Charlie's address, and that was almost as good as a vacation. Charles Anderson, Elbow Lake Lookout, Swan River Valley, Montana.

* * * * *

FOR most of a month the Drifter had camped by a lake in Glacier Basin. He had climbed over the snowfields that cling to the high quietness of peaks, followed through still forests the winding trails used only by animals, fished in deep pools of clear green glacial water. Not a human sound—only the occasional crash of a startled deer, sometimes the thunder of a bull elk's hoofs in the night, always the roar of water over rocks, now loud, now soft, enormous music played with the stops of the wind. Then, two days before the Drifter struck camp, Charlie Anderson came quietly out of the woods—a slight gray man with a Swedish accent. He was cutting out the trail to Lagoon Lake, he explained—and went on. Returning in late afternoon, he invited the Drifter to spend the night with him on his way out. He lived on a mountain top about five miles down the trail.

* * * * *

IT was sunset two days later when the Drifter dropped himself and his heavy pack on the yellow windworn grass before the Lookout Man's door. To the east, across the great valley, hazy with the smokes of a dry season, the Swan range lifted thin blue edges; to the west lay the mountains the Drifter had just left, the broad high range of the Missions, shouldered in ice, pearl-shadowed now with the sun's going. Charlie Anderson celebrated his coming by preparing for his guest the most elaborate supper he could conjure out of cans on a mountain 100 miles from a town. After supper Charlie fed the left-over biscuits to a dozen gophers that came running when he called. He'd never figured out, he said, where they got water. It worried him a little. He had to carry it for himself from the spring down in the ravine. Evening closed in, and the Lookout Man, as if by appointment, went to the edge of his mountain and stood still. Very soon a night-jar, with noisy wings, swooped perilously close to his head and flew away. Again and again this happened. The old man was delighted. "They do it just for fun," he said.

* * * * *

FAR into the night the Drifter and his host talked. Charlie came to the valley twenty-two years ago. At first he made a living trapping silver-tips and muskrat and mink. Then he decided that was too cruel, so he took up a homestead down by Holland Lake. Late years he'd been working for the forest service in the summer. He lives in the valley in winter but in May or June he packs up to the mountain above Elbow Lake. He has a fine shelter there that he built himself. Until the fall rains come, he searches out with trained eye the flashes of fire in the valley below. "Most fires, you know," he said, "are started by lightning. It strikes a tree and goes down in the roots and won't show up maybe for three or four weeks."

LONESOME? No. He likes people but he thinks they ought to live alone most of the time. Once a year he goes to town but he can't stand it more than a few days. He'd like to take a trip around the world once, and then "come back and roam the hills the rest of my life."

* * * * *

CHARLES ANDERSON, self-sufficient, impatient of cities, a lover of trees; Elbow Lake Lookout, Swan River, Montana. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Explaining (Some) Men

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was presumably as a behaviorist that Dr. John B. Watson undertook to "explain" *The Nation's* series of anonymous confessions by women; and presumably as a neurologist that Dr. Joseph Collins did the same. Science stooped from the empyrean—with these results (it doesn't make much difference which gent said which):

"Among the 20 per cent who find adjustment, I find no militant women, I find no women shouting about their rights to some fanciful career that men—the brutes—have robbed them of. Most of the terrible women one must meet, women with blatant views and voices, who shoulder one about, who can't take life quietly, belong to this large percentage of women who have never made a sex adjustment."

Thus speaks Science. It sounds remarkably like a disgruntled male. Poor fellow! To think of the way Mr. Science has been shouted at, and shouldered about, by these awful modern women. One could just cry to think of it!

And again, speaking through its other mouthpiece, Science says:

"On re-reading these articles I fell into meditation. Which of these women should I have liked to companion?" [It sounds like a parody of George Moore, but remember, girls, this is Science speaking!] "There are two with whom I should have been willing to attempt it. One had strong lusty desires. . . . Another who interests me wrote the twelfth instalment. She seems to have neither ambition nor determination to rule the world. . . ."

Won't those two be pleased! And isn't it sweet of old Science to consider their—er—companionable qualities so thoughtfully. Perhaps if details had been furnished of color of eyes and hair, height, weight, etc., the scientific pronouncement might have been even more profound.

Anyway, Science has spoken. It is remarkable to see Behaviorism and Neurology in such perfect agreement, not only with each other but with the poolroom (that last masculine refuge, now that the polling-place and the barber-shop have been invaded). And now you know your places, girls. Back to the bedroom!

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., July 1 FLOYD DELL

Another View of War Guilt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Alfred von Wegerer, in your issue of April 27, suggests that the fifteen members of the Allied Commission on War Guilt which was appointed in January, 1919, before the conclusion of the Versailles Treaty, be called together again. He feels sure that it would change its verdict, but his discussion is grossly incomplete. He points out that the Russian Orange Book and the French Yellow Book and the British Blue Book issued in 1914 were falsified and incomplete. That's true, but the German White Book was even more so and the Austrian

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was a close rival. Mr. von Wegerer is shocked because the old English Blue Book included only a quarter of the documents printed in the revised volume; the German White Book of 1914 included 27 documents, about one-fortieth of the 914 included in the revised edition. The Austrian Red Book included 69 out of 352. Furthermore, the memoirs of the former Austrian Field Marshal Conrad von Hotzendorff show that there are still further documents of importance not printed in the official volumes.

The new documents, like the old, show that the Entente Powers prepared for war with their opponents—but for a defensive war. The whole question of war guilt hangs on that word *defensive*. Von Wegerer and his friends simply drop the decisive adjective and so prove to their own satisfaction that, since all the Powers were preparing for war, they were all equally guilty. The whole enormous literature of war guilt rests upon this single logical trick, this failure to distinguish between offensive and defensive wars.

Today it is even clearer than in 1919 that the Central Powers were the attackers. The *corpus delicti* lies before us—the secret military convention signed between Germany and Austria-Hungary in 1909, which added to the terms of the Alliance of 1879 a new offensive *casus foederis*. Austria-Hungary was determined to fight Serbia sometime and both the allies foresaw that Russia would regard such an attempt upon Serbia as a provocation, thus bringing about a general European war. For all these eventualities Germany declared herself ready to support Austria-Hungary with her entire armed force. These agreements are the basis of the war of 1914; this document proves that the Central Powers were not only the attackers of the World War but had planned their attacks since 1909.

Von Wegerer is right; there is more and better material on the war-guilt question available than in 1919. But if the members of the old commission were to restudy the new material and if in selecting and interpreting this material they were not bound by the logical limitations of the von Wegerer group, they would not need to change their old verdict but instead would repeat it with stronger arguments than were then at hand.

Vienna, Austria, May 15 HEINRICH KANNER

Pedants on Pedestals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since you have commented upon Professor Bernbaum's remarks about the editing of reprints and translations, perhaps you will allow one of the persons he attacked to add his own comment.

It is a delusion of the professor to suppose that only Ph.D.'s are acquainted with European literature and with the researches of modern scholarship. An enormous amount of work has been done by patient workers in all countries to elucidate literary problems. Unluckily, the form in which this work is communicated to the world is frightfully dull (as a rule) and scares the plain man into hatred of what he thinks is boring and highbrow. Now, even from the point of view of a pedant, is it not a good thing that rather more popular writers should try conscientiously to put these results before the public in such a manner that the public will read them? (I may say that I refuse to accept the view that "culture" should be confined to a little minority of supercilious *universitaires;* if democracy is not a sham, we all have a right to know what is known.) Does anyone think that it is better to have a laboriously dull introduction instead of a better-written one conveying the same information?

Professor Bernbaum thinks my "Fifteen Joys of Marriage" "amateurish." If it is, the fault lies with the learned authorities I consulted, which included *Modern Philology*, by the way. How can Professor Bernbaum tell how much or how little I know of French literature? It sounds horribly boasting to say this, but in the past eight years I have written over three hundred articles on topics of French literature from the Chanson de Roland onwards, for a well-known English literary periodical. How does that differ from giving a course of lectures to students, except that I must never repeat myself, must try to be interesting as well as accurate, and am liable to be corrected by correspondents all over the world if I make a mistake, whereas a small audience of undergraduates could hardly be expected to pick up a professor's errors?

The professor's complaint rather looks like an attempt to claim all literary criticism for the professors. But the "expert" note can be overdone. The "experts" have pretty well killed the classics of Greece and Rome by their "expert" comments. Literature is created by literary artists, not by professors. Perhaps those who have at least attempted original composition may see certain things which escape the laborious researcher. For a popular edition (and perhaps for others) it is quite as important to stimulate interest and to refrain from boring the reader as it is to give a precise and complete account of the "latest scholarship." But are these learned authorities always free from error? By no means. I have found even Professor Saintsbury advancing the enormity that the medieval farce of "Maître Pathelin" was the work of Antoine de la Sale! I could add numerous other instances. At this moment there lies on my table a book on Corneille by an American scholar; it is so preposterously dull that I simply cannot read it and the book positively makes me hate Corneille. When all literary criticism is limited to that sort of thing, Professor Bernbaum may rejoice.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

North Reading, Berks, England, June 11

The Social Bar

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From your recent editorial assertion that the American Bar Association "has no social aspects," I suspect that you are not in touch with all of its activities. As a matter of fact, Negro membership in the association is discouraged because of the distinctly social aspect of the annual meeting, at which leaders of the Southern bar, with their wives, are occasionally hosts and always guests.

The American Bar Association has had the choice of confining its activities to purely professional channels or enlivening them with a touch of social life. So far the social urge has carried the day—with the inevitable result.

Boston, Massachusetts, June 13 LAWRENCE G. BROOKS

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ, managing editor of *Labor Age*, was formerly a resident of Indianapolis.

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER is the director of the Atlanta School of Social Work.

EARL HANSON was born in Berlin of Danish and American parents and later attended the University of Wisconsin.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER writes for *The Nation* from South Africa.

JOHAN SMERTENKO is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

GERALD CARSON is a literary critic.

LOUIS FISCHER is *The Nation's* correspondent in Russia.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN is the director of the Children's Play Village of Philadelphia.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING is the author of a book of poems called "These People."

BENTON MACKAYE is a regional planner.

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Books

Warm Stone Woman

By HOWARD McKINLEY CORNING

Stones that reach from water
Are warmed by kindly sun
That has swift hands for reaching
Where waters run.

But stones that under water
Are not cooled all day through
Leave alone, my brother,
And come not back thereto.

Like women who are taken
With unrest not their own
The warm stone is uncooling
Stone of mother stone.

Leave stones alone, my brother,
And contemplate the pools
If hands of woman taken
No breast of water cools.

First Glance

GREATER attention has been paid, I fancy, to the astounding manner of Robinson Jeffers's poetry than to its still more astounding matter. It was, of course, natural that the critics of "Tamar" and "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" should speak chiefly of those long lines which on first inspection might seem to be the work of a loose writer yet which proved to be so tightly packed with explosive that only disciplined and courageous readers ever understood them all. But it is time, now that Mr. Jeffers has published a third long poem, "The Women at Point Sur" (Boni and Liveright: $2.50), to consider what it is he is saying. Floyd Dell did with some disgust consider the bearings of "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" in an issue of the *Modern Quarterly*—leaving, however, the last thing unsaid. Mr. Dell found Mr. Jeffers to be a hater of humanity, and charged the generation of readers which likes him with shell-shock. There is nothing social in Mr. Jeffers, said Mr. Dell. But there is, if society be taken to mean the company of all things that live—stones, worms, lightning, mountains, the Pacific Ocean, as well as men and women. And it is worth while to ask why Mr. Jeffers handles his men and women as he does.

He sees them not in themselves—which he says would be madness and which Mr. Dell implies would be the only sanity—but in their relation to the whole conscious universe. And this is how they strike him:

> . . . The old rock under the house, the hills with their hard roots and the ocean hearted
> With sacred quietness from here to Asia
> Make me ashamed to speak of the active little bodies, the coupling bodies, the misty brainfuls
> Of perplexed passion. Humanity is needless.

Humanity, says Mr. Jeffers both in his last book and in this one, is "something to break away from." It is the starting-point of discoveries, something to make a bonfire of in the hope that something hard and perfect will be found in the ashes.

> I say that if the mind centers on humanity
> And is not dulled, but remains powerful enough to feel its own and the others, the mind will go mad.
> . . . I will show you the face of God.
> He is like a man that has an orchard, all the boughs from the river to the hill bending with abundance,
> Apples like globes of sunset, apples like burnt gold from the broken mountain: . . . the man is a madman.
> He has found a worm in one of the apples: he has turned from all the living orchard to love the white worm
> That pricks one apple. I tell you . . . that God has gone mad . . . he has turned to love men.

No wonder, then, that the hero of the present poem, Dr. Barclay, runs crying from his pulpit to wander in the wilderness of the mountains and call upon mankind to burn, break, annihilate mankind.

> . . . Annihilation, the beautiful
> Word, the black crystal structure, prisms of black crystal
> Arranged the one behind the other in the word
> To catch a ray not of this world.

And no wonder that he can look with the disinterested eyes of a madman upon the perplexed passions of those about him—passions which lead to murder, incest, suicide, sadism, infanticide, adultery, lesbianism, and rape. All of these things Dr. Barclay sees with something like glory in his face—they are the bonfire; and all of them Mr. Jeffers shows us with a satisfaction that Mr. Dell would certainly call unsocial.

But there is no need of thundering against Mr. Jeffers. For in the first place he is a powerful poet and hears thunder naturally—thunder that we could not make if we tried. And in the second place his ideas carry their own death. If it is madness to consider humanity in itself, as doubtless it is, it is also madness to consider humanity out of itself. Mr. Jeffers thus far has found no way of resolving the great paradox. That he feels it so strongly is evidence of his quality as an artist. That he cannot get round it is evidence that he may, if he keeps on, give us poems we cannot bear to read. "The Women at Point Sur" is unbearable enough. I have read it with thrills of pleasure at its power and beauty, and I shall read everything else Mr. Jeffers writes. But I may be brought to wonder whether there is need of his trying further in this direction. He seems to be knocking his head to pieces against the night.

MARK VAN DOREN

Exclusive Tour—Personally Conducted

The South Africans. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

THE large, handsome, illustrated American edition of Mrs. Millin's book is more imposing than the English edition, which is half its size and without photographs. Yet the latter, perhaps because of its very unobtrusiveness of outer aspect, left a better taste in one's mouth. So much was honest, unprejudiced, even courageous in Mrs. Millin's presentation of her facts, and she wrote with such spirit and lucidity that one's admiration for a task well done was only momentarily interrupted by facile and superficial generalization. One disagreed with certain statements and questioned others, yet commended the brisk, even brusque, competence of the whole, and took the book no more seriously than it deserved.

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On rereading the book in its transatlantic dress, however, one feels compelled, for more reasons than one, to treat it with greater seriousness, and in proportion as one does so one finds the pleasure to be gained from the book lessened and the annoyance increased. In the first place, those unlucky illustrations, a set of photographs included by the courtesy of the Publicity Department of the South African Railways and Harbors, and for the most part exactly as conventional and unrevealing as one would expect, harmonize fatally with the general tone of the book. They are guide-book photographs, which they need not have been, even from remote South Africa, and "The South Africans," as it stands, with its chatty diction, its breezy descriptions of the principal towns, people, political parties, social problems, and racial conflicts of the country, is an admirable guide-book. Dependable within guide-book limits, full of tidbits of information, it even details the extraordinarily cheap railroad trips possible within the Union. That in this capacity it would be most valuable either to an intending visitor or to any stay-at-home who wished to be able, with the minimum of effort, to talk intelligently on South Africa at dinner is indisputable. For that matter, it does contain information as well as entertainment for any reader. It is Mrs. Millin's exclusive, personally conducted tour through South Africa, with a short excursion into Rhodesia, and it is as well done as is to be expected of anything Mrs. Millin undertakes.

Now, since there must be guide-books, there should be good ones. And about "The South Africans," for all its flair and attractiveness, there is something fundamentally superficial, impenitently trivial, which forbids its criticism except on that level. Mrs. Millin's knowledge of three-fourths of South Africa is that of the well-to-do tourist; her knowledge of the South African natives, Asiatics, and colored people is that of the average European in South Africa who has never come into social contact with any of them save as employer. Any deeper knowledge would have led to the excision from these pages of a score of bright, untenable certainties. Thus, for instance, Mrs. Millin allows herself to write: "There are no idle rich in South Africa. There are no leisured classes. There are no upper classes. There are no lower classes." The statement is unsound and half true, and should not have been made. Mrs. Millin is writing, of course, of white South Africa, and in a country the whole of the white population of which could be housed in a fifth part of New York the classes are small numerically. But though they are small, the concentric circles of them, which through the generations scarcely are aware of each other, are as well-fenced and as proud of their impenetrability as need be. Our idle rich, it is true, tend to go where glory and the shinier cabarets await them. But the old Dutch families keep themselves to themselves with quiet conviction, and so do the old or less new English ones, and if they admit an outsider do so with a very definite condescension and equally definite mental reservations. "The mixture as before," in fact. How, given as a basis the two most deeply, quietly, universally conservative nations in all Europe, should it not be so? A pioneer does not put off his prejudices with his citified clothes. Again, Mrs. Millin says: "The South African who has gone overseas with romantic ideas about finding there a culture denied him in his own country returns home feeling that, after all, a human being is a human being, and may be met, kind for kind, if not so frequently in South Africa, not less than in Europe or America." Here the sweeping statement is even less than half true, though there is a difficulty, even something of an absurdity, in the rebuttal of it in so many words. How does one feel culture in a country or define it? The fact that there is one sculptor in Cape Town and a number of them in London or Paris or Berlin is not merely a numerical fact; nor is its significance for Cape Town as a whole to be measured numerically. The South African who returns from overseas with the comfortable but fallacious conviction just quoted has surely missed, or at least left out of account, certain aspects of culture that have their importance for the human spirit. And again, Mrs. Millin, in that section of her book which is the least satisfactory, since it is the most important, says, in her summing up of the position of the natives: "But in the end, of course, they will do as they are told to do." This simply is not true. There was a time when it was so, but it came to an end some years ago. From the passing of the Native Land Act in 1913 the native ceased to trust the white man's good intentions with regard to himself; during the Great War he learned that his respect for the power and wisdom of the white man had been exaggerated. Since the Act of Union one piece of harsh legislation after another has forced him into race-consciousness and into an embittered, determined independence. During the coming year Kadalie, a native from Uganda who has organized the natives into trade unions and made of them a large and powerful organization, is to lecture in America, as well as in England. Those who hear him will have an opportunity to realize for themselves how little likely, from now on, the natives of South Africa are to do as they are told—unless, of course, they are told with machine-guns.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER

The Woman Question

Islanders. By Helen Hull. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MISS HULL has taken the contemporary woman question as the underlying theme for her fiction. In "Labyrinth" she gave us one of the most intelligent studies of the problems which face the modern, educated, capable, and married woman. She portrayed the struggle and the pain which accompany the divided duties of wife and mother and independent worker. "Islanders" continues the discussion by projecting another phase of this thesis; and yet, in a sense, this novel goes back to the more fundamental question of the status of woman in the mind of man as well as in his social organism.

The stirring plot that combines the elements of historical narrative and the novel of manners serves to indicate the cruel contradictions in our conception of woman's position. Miss Hull shows that the chivalrous view of woman, which sees her as a frail being to be protected from peril and kept from the onerous tasks of life, is the illusion of a secure and affluent society. Actually, when the family is in difficulties its women are, primitive fashion, forced to bear most of the ignoble drudgery and the dangerous hardships of the struggle for existence—all the while facing the mirage of our double standard.

Ellen, the heroine, like her mother before her, experiences in a protracted lifetime all the sorrows that are the lot of American women. Her father leaves her to wrest a living from the soil while he goes to seek his fortune in the gold rush of '48; her fiancé, also an argonaut, dooms her to a barren and soured existence because, as a man, he thinks more lightly of his plighted troth than she; her brother, under the guise of protecting her interests, squanders the little fortune that comes to her—and yet, throughout the laborious years, in the eyes of the world she is a beggar and a recipient of favors. Ellen struggles constantly against this situation, but helplessly, because at first she does not recognize its causes or its cure. When she finally realizes that her soul suffering and her physical discomforts are due to the inconsistencies of the false dual standard, it is too late to rearrange her own life. Then she determines that her grandniece must profit by her experience.

> Ever since I thought about it's being an island women get stuck on all their lives, I said, "Anne must get off." And I want to live to see you. It's been as good as getting off myself, thinking about you. I couldn't get off, poor Alice never could, but it's different now. . . . There's more to the world than a few feelings in you. . . . Folks think a girl can just sit around, shriveling up, till some man's ready to marry her. Why, you can't even know how to love, that way.

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Anne has the spirit of the Dacey women in her and, despite the temptations which her own beauty and wealth throw in her way, she carries out the ambitions of her great-aunt. She establishes herself independently. Incidentally, she finds a husband and the passionate attentions that her flirtatious nature craves. This is the weakest part of Miss Hull's work. She not merely utilizes a hack trick to bring about her happy ending, she defeats the purpose of her own thesis by begging the question. In other respects, "Islanders" is not as fine a work as "Labyrinth." It lacks the latter's dramatic organization of plot; it insists on its thesis to the point of redundancy; and it suffers from an over-emphasis on the emotions of its characters.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The People's Book

Colonel Bob Ingersoll. By Cameron Rogers. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL had to wait twenty-eight years for a dispassionate biographer. This circumstance affords a good measure of the man. A polemic figure of tremendous size in his own generation, Ingersoll had the faculty of provoking people to be themselves with such candor and violence that he has always before been approached in the spirit of embattled partisanship.

Mr. Rogers, whose book on Whitman doubtless led him to examine the career of Whitman's friend Ingersoll, has taken up the pleasant biographical task of rescuing Ingersoll from—precisely from what? The intellectual battles of today are being fought upon such distant terrain that it is hard to endow the statement with due weight and emphasis that Mr. Rogers's task is to rescue Colonel Ingersoll from the opprobrium of being an agnostic. And yet his freethinking is precisely the important aspect of Ingersoll. If one were writing a history of American thought it would be infinitely more interesting and important to record that Ingersoll brought rationalism to the people than that he was an eminent lawyer, or that he was a colonel in the Civil War, or that he brought a golden voice to the service of the Republican Party.

If the present reviewer has any remonstrance to address to Mr. Rogers it is on the score that he has not separated out these values in a sufficiently positive spirit. His book runs along in cheerful narrative style, the "story" of a life wherein Ingersoll's part in the Civil War and the politics of his day, and his reputation as a silver tongue, occupy an equal position with his extraordinary influence upon popular feeling about the dogmas of orthodox evangelical Christianity. Ingersoll brought the idea of the free mind to the people. He was the people's book.

If one were to construct a shelf for collateral reading it would include a diverse company—say, Ethan Allen, Franklin, Jefferson, the Comte de Volney, Ambrose Bierce, W. C. Brann, E. W. Howe, and Upton Sinclair—all of whom, like Ingersoll, have been read by the American people and all of whom represent a shift of thought and feeling which began and spread through society some two hundred years ago. To bring a large matter into brief compass, that shift was from faith to reason, from miracle to common sense, from an anthropomorphic God to the vague benevolence of "natural religion," from metaphysics to science. After a thousand years of dreaming about another world men became enamored of this one and of those faculties which helped them to subdue and abide in it.

It was a somewhat large and incautious remark, then, that the writer of the jacket for Mr. Rogers's book made when he wrote that Ingersoll was "the first of those hard-hitting, sham-hating Americans whose banner is now borne by H. L. Mencken, Clarence Darrow, and Sinclair Lewis." That is warmly said; but it is too generous. It would be easy to collect a double handful of iconoclastic, hard-bitten paragraphs from Allen, Franklin, Paine, Thoreau, or Margaret Fuller to show that while Mr. Mencken and Mr. Darrow may have built their own style, they assuredly did not originate the skeptical temper of which they happen to represent a contemporary aspect. And, too, it is mispraise of Ingersoll not to give proper weight to the fact that he worked in a definite tradition. Colonel Ingersoll made his appeal for freedom of mind in terms of hope and love and kindliness; Mr. Mencken his in terms of a perverse and rough-neck jargon about urbanity and what he calls "civilization." Each is real. Each represents something peculiar to the genius of his times; one cannot think of Ingersoll patronizing his constituency, or of Mr. Mencken willingly appearing at the grave of a little child.

I have tried to indicate that Mr. Rogers is a little disappointing in interpretation and in his general ideas about his subject. He did not always command his material; his own background was not always rich enough to give him the help which he required of it. Though still a young man—this biographer of Whitman and Ingersoll was born in 1900—Mr. Rogers does not adhere to the young philosophy of *nil admirari*. He has regarded Colonel Ingersoll from a most sympathetic point of view and committed to paper a portrait of a warm-hearted, bluff, comradely son of the early West, which, I suspect, would not be quite recognizable either to Ingersoll's rationalist friends or to his clerical enemies.

GERALD CARSON

If This Were So

Bolshevist Russia. By Anton Karlgren. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS is a bitter book, written by a bigot. Professor Karlgren has foolishly painted the picture of Soviet Russia so black that nobody can accept it as the truth. For if what he says were a fact the Bolshevik regime would long ago have crumbled or would now be on the verge of collapse.

His method is characterized by the legend under the full-page frontispiece. It reads: "A Bolshevist Village-Meeting—An Artisan Preaching Communism to a Number of Interested Children. The Grown-ups Stay at Home." Standing in the foreground of the picture is a tall workingman, and beside him, as chairgirl of the meeting, is a child of about twelve, dressed in the bloomers, white blouse, and tie of the Pioneers or Soviet Scouts. In her left arm she holds a banner on which is inscribed the Russian word for pioneers. All around are children, many of them wearing the Pioneer uniform. This is obviously a children's Pioneer gathering being lectured by a worker. Grown-ups have no special business here, yet in the background there appear very clearly a number of men and women whom curiosity has brought to the scene. When Dr. Karlgren wrote "The grown-ups stay at home" he was trying to convey the impression that the peasants boycott Communist gatherings and are anti-Bolshevik. But his words actually tell a double lie which is all the more unethical because it presumes on the ignorance of persons unable to read the Russian on the banner and unacquainted with the dress of the Pioneers.

Throughout my marginal notes on this book occur: "Exaggeration," "Misstatement," "False," "Bunk," "Bosh." On page 64, for instance, the author declares that in March, 1921, Lenin put through the New Economic Policy (NEP), "without having consulted the innermost party circles." Well, if the learned scholar consults volumes 17 and 18 of Lenin's collected works, as published by the Gosisdat, Moscow, he will find scores of pages devoted to a discussion of the problem which were written or spoken before the introduction of the NEP, and if Dr. Karlgren knew anything about Communist Party affairs he would be aware that the question of the NEP was threshed out in inner-party circles for months before it was proclaimed.

This is one of many naked misstatements. There are dozens of contradictions. On page 142 the author treats of government stores and cooperatives, always interchanging the terms, and

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says: "The level of prices in the government stores was far and away higher than that of private traders." In the very same paragraph he cites the results of an inquiry which proved that in the Ukraine, Ural, and a number of other districts prices in cooperative agencies were from "8 to 10 per cent below those of the private traders," and then adds: "The state, therefore, takes, at any rate very nearly, the same shameless price as the private traders." Very nearly the same price is not far and away a higher price.

Here is a typical bit of presentation. Production, the author explains elaborately, has not increased. Then he shows that the increase in the quantity of industrial production has been attained at the expense of its quality. Finally he points out that higher output has done the Bolsheviks no good anyway, because they are guilty of the great crime of returning to the workingman in the form of wages what they have managed to get out of him in the form of increased productivity.

Some of Dr. Karlgren's stories about his visits to rural districts are too ridiculous to be creditable. His picture of the inhabitants of a village who "lay trembling in their huts behind bolted doors" because young Communists were singing the "International" and yelling on the Red Main Street is grotesque. The author himself presents sufficient evidence to show that the mujiks are outspoken and articulate, and that far from dreading the Bolsheviks they sometimes kill off too obnoxious specimens.

Of course the good doctor occasionally slips and is forced to admit in hurried sentences that, for instance, wages have risen to 100 per cent of the pre-war norm plus 32 per cent more in social benefits. To be sure, "the authorities have been compelled to give workmen [these wage increases] in order to keep up their spirits," but this single statement destroys a whole chapter built up on laboriously distorted facts. The peasants, too, have more land than formerly they had. Nevertheless, everybody hates the Bolsheviks, and their collapse is imminent, especially since the Jews run the whole show.

Apart from his own jaundiced observations during "some months in 1924," the author's sources are the Soviet newspapers and Communist officials. From these he quotes copiously. Everyone knows that the Russian dailies are filled with self-criticism. You can get your best anti-Bolshevik arguments from the Bolsheviks, simply because they admit their own weaknesses as the first step toward the elimination of those weaknesses. But to quote only what they say in condemnation of their errors and to omit every mention of what they say in praise of their accomplishments is not the whole truth, and therefore no truth. If the situation were as distressing as Dr. Karlgren's citations from Bolshevik pronouncements make it appear to be, then Stalin, Kalinin, et al. could hang their caps on the Kremlin battlements and jump into the Moskva. A man in his senses will not paint Soviet Russia a paradise, yet when you essay to make it out a hell no one with an ounce of critical gray matter can take you seriously.

LOUIS FISCHER

Guidance

Artistic Ideals. By Daniel Gregory Mason. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

MR. MASON has intended his present volume as a source- and guide-book in idealism for young artists. Accordingly he has dealt with the generalities of conduct rather than with the details of method. His own words are leads for the many quotations which serve more to repeat than to develop. To guide the young artist to a salutary philosophy of conduct more is needed than the restatement of a general, and often sentimental, view. It is well, for instance, to warn him against seeking popular approval. But this warning must be stringently qualified by the further warning that the popular is often an excellent source if not a criterion. It was this general contempt for "the public" that withheld the American artist from an interest in American forms. The young artist begins with an inclination to withdraw. One should be wary of offering any advice that might intensify this inclination or justify it in the lives of earlier artists. If any pressure is to be brought upon the young artist, it should be a pressure toward participation. This is all the more urgent today in an environment which tends of itself to force the sensitive artist farther and farther away from it. The great problem of the artist today is, how shall he turn the pressure upon the environment? To sustain and increase the pressure upon the artist away from the environment is to insure an inverted art.

Independence, spontaneity, workmanship, originality, universality, fellowship are good chapter-headings, but they are in themselves deceptive. Mr. Mason has not related them to the actual details of the artist's immediate task. He has used the wrong, if the more usual, method. Had he concerned himself with the demands of the task he might have achieved definitions of artistic ideals which are more positive and less dangerous. As it is, the advice he offers separates itself into general terms—sentimentalized caricatures rather than a comprehensive portrait of idealism. The book is not saved by the quotations, for they are more interesting as expression than as idea. Moreover, Mr. Mason is not discriminate in his selection of sources. Huneker is hardly the man to offer to young artists as an authority on arduous integrity. And if Edwin Markham, why not Edgar Guest? Nor is Van Wyck Brooks, to whom the book is dedicated, a safe source. Mr. Mason's account of Jack London's failure is typical of his personification of a single motive and a disregard for congenital inabilities. Jack London failed more because of his inherent incapacity than from the "passion to beat the enemy at his own game." Happily, this is the usual elimination; the task itself is the test and the judgment. And, happily again, the worthy artist learns from his own contacts how much of the world to accept and how to conduct himself. Precept and example can teach him no moral attitude to his art. They can, however, teach him much to help him toward an aesthetic attitude. And of this Mr. Mason has said little; wherever it appears in the book, he sees it through moral spectacles.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

Books in Brief

The Drifting Home. By Ernest R. Groves. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"There are three kinds of American homes," Mr. Groves declares, " the good, bad, and bewildered." It is to the parents of the last grouping that "The Drifting Home" is addressed. The book's good sound sense, its testing of scientific technique by human values, and its thoughtful attack on current problems should win it a wide public.

Studies in Florentine Painting: The Fourteenth Century. By Richard Offner. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. $25.

Ten brief technical studies devoted, for the most part, to the consideration of little-known masters are included in this profusely and handsomely illustrated volume. The author is chiefly concerned with the problem of attribution, but attribution, as he truly remarks in one of the essays, has more than antiquarian significance, since it is, in effect, "a differentiation of aesthetic experience." His method—the minute study of catalogable details—is objective. He reproduces details to substantiate his contentions, and his cautious temper gives additional weight to his contentions. In so far as he has a general thesis it is that the tendency to consider all Florentine paintings of the fourteenth century as the work of Giotto and his followers ignores the existence of a group of painters whose style is the result of a "sentimental empiricism" diametrically opposed to the formalized drama of the giottesque.

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International Relations Section

Industrial Exploration

By BENTON MACKAYE

[*This is the second of three articles, the first of which appeared last week. The concluding article will be published next week.*]

II. Charting the World's Requirements

THERE was a time when we had a planet but not a world. There were several worlds. One was on the Mediterranean. A second was in India. Columbus found a third. There were still others. Now there is but one—mechanically. And it is becoming more contracted every day.

Not only contracted but crystallized. Along with steam and wire and gasoline there seems to be forthcoming, for good or ill, an unconscious and inevitable effort toward world crystallization. This shows itself especially in industry. A number of world-scale industrial enterprises have been achieved, or projected—the Panama and Suez canals; the Trans-Siberian and the Cape-to-Cairo railways; continental systems of giant power; industrialization of agriculture. These things suggest an unconscious groping toward a controlled integration of world industry.

Whether this will kill or make us depends apparently on whether or not we can control it. To control a thing we first must see it. It must be visualized. That is the point of industrial exploration: to visualize, to unfold what now exists—potentially. That is the province of the "World Atlas of Commodity Flow," suggested in my first article. It would visualize and chart for us, on the basis of underlying physical facts and forces, an unseen integrated industrial system, just as the explorer charts for us an unseen river system.

The potential industrial system sought would possess certain attributes: It would avoid entanglements—physical and human. It would avoid waste—physical and human. It would comprise the most direct flow from source to destination of industrial commodities.

The most direct flow, other things being equal, is the shortest. But it is more than this. It is the one which eliminates not only waste of mileage but waste of motion generally; not merely waste in transportation but in manufacture and in every step of industry between resource and consumer.

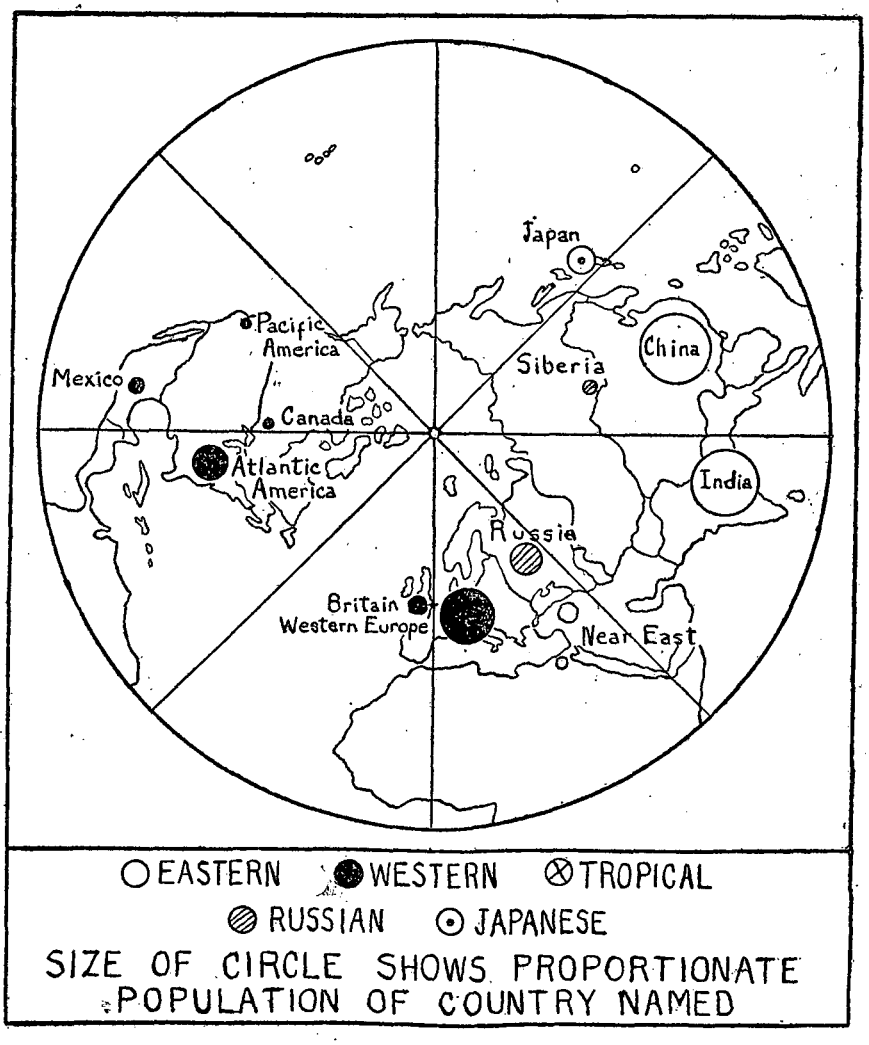
What are the ends or objects of industry? Food and clothing and life—and nothing else. Not pecuniary profit. Profit is nothing except as a means to something else. Where profit is a motive for good industrial service—well and good; otherwise it has no function. Human requirements—whether bread, shirts, houses, books, or pictures—are the things ultimately desired to be forthcoming at the destination of the commodity stream.

What are the means of industry? Human energy and effort. Also solar energy, whether coming through coal beds or waterfalls or oil pools. Also stuff to work upon—plants and animals and wood and iron. The ultimate means of industry consist in nature's gifts—the material resources and the energy resources of the world.

All humans have certain basic needs: food, clothing, and some degree of shelter. On these they can exist. But they require more in order truly to live.

Combinations of peoples and climates and natural resources result in what we call "civilizations." Each civilization seems to have its own requirements. What are the civilizations of the world, and what are their requirements? This is the basic question of industrial exploration. All we can do here is to list in a crude and arbitrary fashion the civilizations of the world, and note the fact that each of them has its own path in the eternal pursuit of human happiness.

Here, then, is a rough-and-ready list of present world civiliza-



4. WORLD CIVILIZATIONS (NORTHERN HEMISPHERE)

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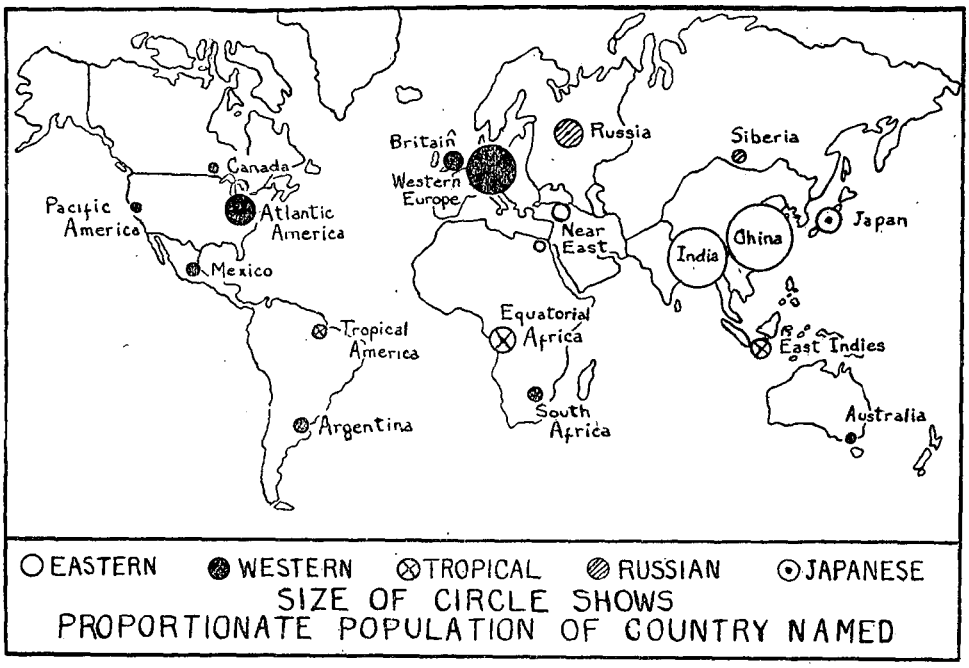
tions. Their locations and proportionate populations are shown on Charts 4 and 5.

The East: China, chiefly within the temperate zone; India, mostly in the torrid zone; and their associated countries. Two distinct races: Mongolian and Aryan. Both so-called "colored." Both with an outlook on the universe and life distinctly different from that of the West. Some one has said that China has developed the deepest notion of the relation of man to man; India, of man to God; and the West, of man to nature. The Chinese and Indians together constitute nearly half the population of the earth.

The West: Western Europe and its transplants in the Americas, Africa, and Oceania, where the aboriginal civilizations have been annihilated or else "benevolently assimilated." An iron civilization in contrast with the non-iron civilization of the East. The Western peoples (outside the Tropics) form nearly a third of the earth's population.



5. WORLD CIVILIZATIONS (MERCATOR'S PROJECTION)

The Tropics: The remnants of aboriginal civilizations and the beginnings of western civilization along the coasts and up the rivers of Equatorial South America and Africa; and in the East Indian islands. Spanish and Portuguese influence in South America; French in Africa; British and Dutch in the Indies. About 7 per cent of the earth's total people.

The Russians: A land people and a northern people: a bridge between East and West across Siberia. A combination of Slav, Jew, and Nordic. A people whose ideas and traditions of social integration have come to the surface as in no other country. About 6 per cent of the earth's total.

The Japanese: An island people. Mongolian. East of the East, suddenly vaccinated with the West. A non-iron civilization pierced by an iron one. About 4 per cent of the earth's total.

Such are the world's people. What are their requirements?

They all need food, clothes, and roofs. Almost all of them eat wheat for breakfast; most of the Eastern people also eat rice. Beef and meat are relished by the Westerners especially. Cotton forms a universal garment. Woolens are naturally added for those living outside the torrid zone. Wood is the almost universal house maker—inside if not out. The need of iron is a complicated story. It is not required basically to keep out the cold; its need depends upon the extent to which a particular civilization is an "iron" one.

There is one more class of wants that is usually omitted in the lists. It is not, strictly speaking, a material want at all. The artist might call it "beauty." The man of science might call it "environment." We insist upon some measure—however meager—of household order, of interior harmony, of desirable setting for hours of leisure and of living.

We think we demand it in our civilization. We like to ponder on the colorful background and setting of America: the colonial mansions; the early New England community; the Virginia plantation; the march of the covered wagon. We go further. We borrow from other civilizations. We picture the Parthenon and the Athenian Acropolis; Venice; the English lake country. We picture more vaguely but not less luringly the elusive image of the Far East—even as Columbus and Magellan did. "That romantic Eastern civilization, the pursuit of which had brought them around the world."

These, crudely, are the people's varying needs: what are their wants?

They want "things" to put in their houses. Some things satisfy more basic wants than others: a bed, a table, and for the "iron" folks a stove. The more iron things they have the more paper things they think they need to keep track of all the rest.

They want personal service: medical care; some manner of police and fire protection; legal protection usually; mails and transportation; educational facilities; often they want help with the household chores.

No attempt is made to classify the things and the services which various peoples need or want. This must vary with the civilization—the climate and resources, the thoughts and yearnings of the people themselves.

A survey of world requirements is basic in industrial exploration. What is the prospective population of each country? What are its per capita requirements as to food and clothing and "things"? What are its per family requirements in the matter of houses and furnishings and services?

It is a matter of budgeting and (like any other estimating) of making the best guesses that we can. What are real requirements and what are fake requirements? What is for weal and what for woe? What is wealth and what is "illth"?

Such a charting of world requirements would form one of the chapters of any "World Atlas of Commodity Flow." Another charting would be needed at the other end of the commodity stream: a charting of the world's natural resources.

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